

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 19.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1808.

NO. 1009.

## THE OLD BATCHELOR.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I was dreadfully bad a few months after," said he, "and went to Mottlock, according to the doctor's advice; and there, by chance, I saw the party restorer who is now my wife. Her father was a general in the army, but I fear a bad dog; for he spent every penny, and left three children without any support. I bought a commission in the guards for my friend's brother, who has the run of our house, and who is always bringing some of his comrades, which is what I do not altogether like; and that there Sir Charles Clevely the world says pays too much attention to my wife; but, Lord bless ye, she loves me too dearly to give a thought after any other man. Heaven bless your credulity my good fellow! thought I without expressing what I felt. Don't you think her a sweet creature? he demanded, watching me with the eye of a lynx. "Charming!" I replied; but let us have a little more music, for Lady Reed's performance upon the harp is actually divine. As we entered the room, I perceived Sir Charles Clevely slip a folded paper into her ladyship's hand, which she in some confusion forced into her pocket hole, and appeared to be intently perusing a song. A loud rap at the door now called forth her ladyship's attention, and a sign towards the window, the billet doux dropped, which, unnoticed by any of the party, I instantly picked up, and put into my pocket with greater precaution than the lady had used.

"That monster, conscience, instantly told me I was guilty of an action which propriety must condemn; but my curiosity was too strongly excited for me to be able to resist; and whilst the attention of the company was taken up by the harmony of Lady Reed's performance, I retired to the unoccupied window, and perused the note. Then I received positive conviction of that which I before surmised. Poor Sir John! but he expired in an apoplectic fit, leaving the young widow in possession of property to the amount of eighty thousand pounds.

As Lord Kenyon has decreed that truth is to be under a feigned name; but should this never meet the eye of his disconsolate wife, her conscience will bear testimony to the truth of my report. Though there is little severity to recommend the circumstances here related, yet I flatter myself, that some beneficial consequences may ensue;—and if old men will be weak enough to marry these children, they should, at least, take upon themselves the careful office of a nurse, and prevent them from falling into error, by watching their motions with an attentive eye. Poor Sir John, in all probability, expired in a lucky moment, at least he escaped the mortification of knowing his head was adorn-

ed; yet that confidence which he felt in the sincerity of his wife's affection might, in time, have induced her to be less upon her guard, and his latter days would then have been embittered by a conviction that he had been grossly deceived.

Though business had not occasioned my visit to the metropolis, before quitting it I thought it necessary to call upon a gentleman in Lincoln's Inn, whom I had empowered to receive the rent of several old houses which I possessed in St. George's Fields. This gentleman and myself had been in the habit of intimacy for a number of years, and his wife I had always considered as a pattern for the rest of her sex. In this family I thought I saw the very height of human happiness; love and contentment seemed to dwell in Lincoln's Inn; even the children appeared to vie with each other in anticipating the wishes of their parents, and in paying attention to their friends. Upon rapping at the door, I inquired for Mr. Aldridge, and on being informed he was not at home, I demanded at what hour he was expected, which seemed to produce a degree of embarrassment in the lady, and upon my repeating the inquiry, with a sorrowful countenance he shook his head.

A variety of vague ideas rushed into my imagination; death or bankruptcy, I feared had occurred, and upon demanding an explanation, I found that this apparently attached husband had gone off with a servant maid, and left an amiable wife and eight children to deplore his loss. To have some conversation with this unfortunate female, was absolutely necessary; I therefore sent up my name, and never will the scene which followed be eradicated from my mind. The weeping mother was surrounded by her lovely offspring, the youngest of whom was hanging at the breast, and the eldest, a boy about fourteen, was in the act of looking over his father's books.

"You are come to make a claim; for my poor Charles has just informed me his father is near eight hundred pounds in your debt," said the unhappy Mrs. Aldridge, impressively shaking my hand. I ask no claims but those of friendship, my dear madam, I replied in a suffocated tone of voice, only tell me how I can be useful to you, for Charles is rather too young for a clerk. This abandoned man, (whom I had believed an excellent husband) upon examining the books, I found had absconded with near seven thousand pounds, and left his family without any other provision than that of a small annuity settled upon his wife. Fortunately five out of the eight children happen to be boys; two at the Blue coat school, and the oldest I have placed in a banking house.

So much, Mr. Editor, even for the appearance of happiness in the marriage station; can you, or any of your correspondents, blame me for the choice I have made? Be that as it may, I would as soon face the mouth of a cannon as run the hazard of embittering my future days.

AN OLD BATCHELOR.

[From a French Paper]

## A SECOND SAMPSON.

A MAN of the name of Lemaitre, born in Switzerland, at present about 85 years of age, resides at Chateaudun, in the department of Eure and Loire, of whom the following almost incredible instances of corporeal strength are narrated:

This second Milo carried on his shoulders, in the market-place of Chartres, a horse belonging to the heavy cavalry, to a considerable distance.

Like his rival of Crotoms, he checked in its career a carriage drawn by two horses, advancing at a smart trot.

He drew after him with one finger, twelve grenadiers, one holding the other by a handkerchief, and remained immovable, notwithstanding their united efforts to throw him down.

As active as he was strong and valiant, having been once called on to assist as one of the city guards, in the suppression of a riot at Versailles, he pursued one of the French guards, who was reputed the most active man in the regiment, and having overtaken him, he killed him, by merely laying his iron hand upon him for the purpose of stopping him. It was this event which established him at Chateaudun as he was obliged to carry the taper of St. Lazarus to Vendome before he could obtain his pardon.

During the Revolution he was thrown into prison, when this modern Sampson obtained his liberty, by carrying the doors of the prison to the Revolutionary committee; ardent and generous in his friendship, he solicited the freedom of his companions in misfortune. Bentham at that time traversed the department of Eure and Loire, invested with unlimited power; Lemaitre informed of it followed him post haste, and overtook him on the road, his carriage being stuck fast in a slough up to the axle-tree, he crept under it, raised it up, and freed it from the slough, and as a reward for his services, obtained the liberty of his fellow prisoners.

A fire took place at Chateaudun, horses harnessed to carriages tugged in every direction, but in vain; he unharnessed them, seized the ropes himself, and immediately the walls gave way, and the fire was stopped.

In an insurrection on account of the high price of corn, the rioters attempted to seize the municipality, of which body he was a member; he coolly stepped forward, and swimming through the tumultuous waves, he brot dozens of them to the ground.

He was insulted at his own door by national guards, who drew their sabres against him; he laid hold of one of the most impudent among them, and wielding him as he would a club, soon brought the whole party to their senses.

About eight years ago, he supported three men on the calf of one of his legs, which was bent, and at arms' length lifted up a grenadier by the waist.

## How various are the tastes of men.

THE public, some writer says, is a being with many heads, and consequently, possesses as many different minds, as those can amply testify, who are the servants of its will, among whom printers, perhaps, are the chief builders and makers. Give us more foreign intelligence, says the newsmonger, and let domestic politics alone. 'Battle the fed—dash away at the demoa,' cries the politician;—a fig for your foreign intelligence, unless you can send Emperor Bonaparte into England up to his knees in blood. We do not want to hear about ships spoken at sea, a courier passing through Ham—pshire, or a Marshal Helldersdeller holding audience with his serene highness the Landgrave of Lubberdgedulion, or the marriage of Count Waddiewattle with her Ladyship the Duchess of Winkumscintum; do not let your paper detail such advices.' Hit the federal or democratic editors, exclaims the third, nothing I like so well as squabbling among editors, there is some fun in that. 'Let us have another novel, (says Mrs. Fipple.) I like novels most monstrously, especially if there is something fearful in them; I wouldn't give a cent for the papers if they hadn't a novel in them.' Norella! says old Grouse, nonsense, give us something about farming—tell us how to destroy the Hessian fly, or something about fining cyder, or wheat upon clover. I like novels too, (says Mrs. Simper) but besides them I want a good deal more poetry, and a number of queer stories about Ann Needotes—I love to read them terribly. All wisht waddy, says Jack Gallopper—give us the sports of the turf; tell us about the race between Madam Scratchum (Thornton) and Mr. Strikefire, (Flint) and her challenging him after she got beat; that's the dandy.

Thus might we go on almost ad infinitum, and describe the modes which Mr. Publis points out for us to be guided by, in conducting our paper; and in answer to all this, we can only say, that although we consider our own method best, yet, as soon as they can all agree upon one plan, we will cheerfully adopt it, and until then we trust we may be permitted to jog on the old way of giving a little of every thing which we consider the most important; for

If all the land was paper,  
And all the sea was ink,  
It would be impossible for us to comply with all the demands of the public, until in those demands the public could become more united.

Virginia paper.

## From the Georgia Centinel.

### NARROW ESCAPE;

### OR, MARRY ME OR FIGHT ME.

#### Mr. Randolph.

Sir—As a friend to the valor of the fairsex, I will thank you to give this a place in your Centinel. Some time since a gentleman of this state courted a young lady with whom he made a contract to enter the holy bands of matrimony; about the time the marriage was to take place, the gentleman thought it most advisable to make his escape. The lady immediately after she found he had made his exit, equipped herself in a heretic style, and went in pursuit of him until she found him, and by presenting a brace of pistols, actually compelled him to fulfill his promise, and they were accordingly married the next day. This valiant act has made a contented husband and a good wife.

Dr. Mallow, who from a friendless orphan at a Charity school, and afterwards apprentice to a pastry cook, became bishop of Worcester, England, was indebted to his elevation, as he himself observed, to three maxims of worldly and selfish policy, which he prescribed to himself—1st To lose nothing for asking—2d, Not to take a denial, and 3d, To solicit for none but himself.

Doest thou love life? then do not squander time—  
For that's the stuff life is made of.

## BENEVOLENCE.

By Maria Falconer.

The charms of fair benevolence I sing,  
For her the muse shall wake the hallowed lyre;  
Soft as the dew of heaven, and mild as spring,  
Bright emanation of her heavenly sire.

Far from the pomp of courts she loves to dwell—  
Offspring of Pity, whether hast thou fled?  
To the dark dungeons or the gloomy cell,  
To raise some hapless mortal's drooping head!

For thou can'st wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,  
The joys of bright prosperity renew;  
To thee, angelic maid, the struggling sigh,  
Warm from the breast of gratitude, is due.

Ah! did the wealthy vicious few but feel  
The bliss resulting from one well spent hour;  
Did they but know the tender task to heal  
The soul just sinking 'neath affliction's shower!

But thou, Benevolence, was form'd to save,  
To cheer the art of succouring want was giv'n;  
Thy hand can soothe the yawning grave,  
And pluck the thorns that bar her way to heaven.

## ON INFANCY.

By Harriet Falconer.

[The ages of both Sisters united, did not amount to 30]

Hail, scenes of life, more lovely than the spring,  
More beautiful than the dawns of summer's day,  
More gay and ardent than the hours that sing  
Their untired sonnets on the early spray!

Adieu, ye paths, adorn'd with springing flowers,  
Oh! could these vernal sweets again be given,  
When guardian angels watch'd my guiltless hours,  
And strive to guide my erring steps to heaven.

So the first pair in paradise were blest,  
Perpetual pleasures open'd to their view;  
Nor guile nor fear disturb'd the peaceful breast,  
Nor anxious care their happy moments knew.

But ah! these joys shall fly with winged speed,  
And leave to busy care the jocund scene;  
To innocence shall guilt and pain succeed  
To lively youth long hours of gloom and spleen.

So shines the sun in orient splendour bright,  
So blooms the rose on a summer's day;  
The sun shall sink in dark and cheerless night,  
The blooming roses feel a sure decay.

## A NOSEGAY.

The violet is modesty,  
For it conceals itself—  
The Rose is likewise modesty,  
Though it reveals itself;  
For it a blush betrays,

The Jasmine shows us innocence,  
So chaste and pure its hue—  
The Hyacinth sweet diffidence,  
Which bends to shun our view—  
'Tis fancy thus portrays,

The Honeysuckle, sympathy,  
Distilling dewy tears,  
The Passion flower, brevity,  
Scarce blown, it disappears.

The Tulip is variety,  
That changes with the hour—  
The Primrose is simplicity,  
And Flora's favourite flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may find,  
Which serves to improve while it corrects the mind,  
And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless store  
Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic lore—  
In short, each object has a grateful heart,  
However humble, that at delight impart.

## ECENTRAIC BIOGRAPHY.

### ZEUXIS.

Of Heraclea, a very famous painter, who flourished about four hundred years before Christ. Many curious anecdotes are recorded of this painter. Piny relates his dispute with Parrhasius, in the following manner. Zeuxis had painted some grapes so naturally, that the birds used to come and peck at them, and Parrhasius had represented a curtain so artfully, that the birds mistaking it for a real curtain which hid his rivals work, ordered it to be drawn aside, that he might see the painting behind it. Discovering his mistake, he confessed himself outdone, since he had only imposed upon birds, but Parrhasius had deceived even those who were judges of the art. Another time he painted a boy loaded with grapes, when the birds flew again to his picture. At this he was exceedingly vexed, and frankly acknowledged that it was not perfectly finished—since, had he represented the boy as naked as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid of him. One of Zeuxis finest pieces was a Heracles strangling a sea dragon in his cradle, in the presence of the afflicted mother. He died immensely rich, about 350 years before Christ. We are told by Verrius Flaccus, that his death was occasioned by an immoderate fit of laughter, on looking at the picture of an old woman which he had drawn.

### ZENO.

A stoic philosopher, and founder of the sect of stoicism, so called from his opening a school in the portico of Stoa, in Athens. He was born at Citium, in the Isle of Cyprus, but being driven by a storm on the coast of Africa, he took up his residence there, and taught philosophy and logic—he was indeed the first person who brought logic to perfection. His disciples, it is said, maintained the right of self-mastery, and his servant being told that the plea of fate would exculpate him from any fault he should commit, exclaimed to Zeno, as he was beating him for theft, 'it is my fate to be a thief.' Yes sirrah, replied his master, and it is also your fate to be drubbed for it.

## Extract from the Lay Preacher.

### WHAT AILETH THEE?

In morning and devious rambles, through lonely pasture, or gloomy wood, far from the jocund chorus of music's songs, I met a meagre, and morose, hypocrite. His temples do not throb, but he are bound, not with the chaplets of spring, but with a white band, erchief, the flag of heaviness and of spleen. The day is genial, for it is one of the mildest in May—but doubled and trebled sickness on his legs, thick vests closely buttoned on his bosom, and a ponderous great coat, enveloping the man, attest the nature and magnitude of his fears. He shivers at a zephyr impregnated with flowers, and when all nature is warm, he drags taking cold. What a disease, and what stubborn symptoms which acknowledge no cause! I hasted right to say 'no cause,' for well I know the fate and fortunes of this splenetic. The first is happy, and the other ample. Blest with birth, with talents, with family, with favour, have not I a privilege to enquire of him, with more than common curiosity, what ails thee? why is thy countenance cast down? why is thy brilliant spirit troubled?

What aileth thee? O selfish bachelor! Why do I immerse thyself in the cold prison of celibacy! Why shun the conversation and the charms of the fair? why not abandon thy humdrum associates the solitary pipe, and the lonely chimney corner, and mingle, like thy fellows, in the society of the gay? Does thy gloomy humour comport with pleasant company with interest? No, thy joy is selfish, thy fortune neglected. Arise, then, and go out, and enquire fearlessly of some fair Rebecca of the land, wilt thou go with me? and be assured, if like Jacob of old, thou art a patient, kind, and persevering lover, her frank answer will be, like that of her ancient namesake, I will go.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 18, 1868.

We have seldom heard of an act of greater baseness than the following: In Philadelphia on Wednesday night last, about 10 o'clock, a decently dressed woman (the wife of a respectable mechanic) was returning home alone, she was accosted by a person having the appearance of a gentleman, who attempted to take some liberties with her. The woman repelled his rudeness by expressions of surprise at his conduct; upon which the fellow left her; but shortly afterwards he returned, and asking her if she had not called him a scoundrel, struck her a severe blow with his cane across the face. A young man, drawn by the cries of the woman, and seeing the villain running off, pursued him, and finally overtook him. Through the interference of a third person, supposed to be his companion, the fellow disengaged himself and escaped. From some circumstances which have since been communicated to the police, expectations are conceived that the perpetrator of this brutal and unmanly outrage will yet be discovered, and brought to punishment. *Merc. Ado.*

On the 5th ult. the house of Mrs. Sarah Smith, in Church street, Charleston, was destroyed by fire. The family escaped with difficulty. Mrs. Smith was considerably burnt but not so as to endanger her life.

Col. Crockett, of Montgomery county, in this state, had his son killed last week by one of his negroes, who afterwards put an end to his own life by cutting his throat with a razor. The negro, it is said, was intoxicated, and killed his young master by striking him over the head with a bone. The negro's head was immediately taken off and stuck upon a pole by the road side.

A horrid transaction took place at Middlebury Academy (Montmouth County, N. Jersey) on the 4th inst. the following particulars of which have been related to us. The treasurer of the Academy, a Mr. Rand, had for sometime paid his addresses to a Mrs. Conover of that place, a widow of about 55 years of age, and of a respectable character. His suit had not been successful. On the day after mentioned, he requested a woman who lived in one part of the building, to invite Mrs. Conover to see her that afternoon. This she did. Mrs. Conover, not knowing at whose suggestion the invitation was given, came. Mr. Rand took occasion in the absence of the landlady, ask to Mrs. Conover to go up stairs with him to his room—she at first refused, but on his telling her that he had a piece of writing there which he wanted her to read, and which was of a private nature, she consented to go. As soon as they were in the room, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket; the windows were already fastened; he bade her sit down. She sat down on the foot of the bed. He then took her knees between his, and drawing a razor which he concealed, attempted by a sudden and violent stroke to cut her throat, believing he had accomplished his

purpose, he instantly cut his own throat from ear to ear, as he sat on her knees. By crying, however, she had received the weight of the stroke upon her chin, although the slash on the one side of that was laid open to the bone, and round her neck on the other side her windpipe and veins were laid bare, he had scarcely given himself the fatal gash when he perceived that her wound was probably not mortal. With hellish perseverance in his murderous purpose, he repeated his strokes with the razor twice; but as she retained her strength and his began to fail, she parried the razor from her throat, received the wound on her chin, and at length wrested the razor from him and threw it on the floor. Still bent on her death, he pressed his hand upon her mouth to smother her, and continued in that position until she fell back upon the bed, and his loss of blood loosened his hands. Her screams now alarmed the neighbours; the door was broken open, and the horrid spectacle presented itself to view! Both weltering in blood on the bed; he in the last agonies of death, and she covered with gore and gasps! He expired almost instantly, but surgical aid being speedily procured, and her wounds immediately closed and dressed, hopes of her recovery are entertained. Read had borne a respectable character, and had notes and checks to the amount of more than a thousand dollars in his pocket at the time he committed the dreadful deed. Further particulars we have not learnt, and possibly some of these may not be perfectly correct, but we believe they are substantially so. *Trenton Amer.*

We are informed that a New England Tin Pedlar was murdered last week near Woodstock, the circumstances are as follows:

The Pedlar stopped at a house, enquired for horses feed, got it, and was invited into the house and presented very hard by two women, being the sole occupiers, to take some refreshment, which he at last consented to, and while eating, one held his head and the other cut his throat, and they put him in the cart, shut it up, and started the horse.

The horse travelling out of the road, was met by a traveller, who seeing no person near, undertook to open the lid, and there found the dead body; he turned the horse, and started him back the road he appeared to have come, and the horse stopped where he had been fed, the man went in, and found the two women examining the planter they had taken, and the blood stains about the floor, this caused a suspicion, and our informant says the women were immediately taken up, and lodged in Woodstock Jail, to stand a trial before an examining court.

*Stamton Eagle.*

*From the Virginia Herald.*

On Thursday the 25th ult. a duel took place between Mr. Joseph Hansborough, jun. of Colpepper, and Mr. Wm. Webb, of Orange, two of the Students of Stephensburg Academy. The former received the ball from his adversary's pistol in his left thigh, from which it is hoped no serious danger will result, as the ball has been happily extracted. For this offence, committed in open violation of the laws of the academy, the young gentlemen have been both expelled. The profane secrecy with which this preposterous affair was conducted, deprived both the Professor and Trustees of the power of preventing it by a timely interference.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

O Married Love! thy bard shall own,  
Where two congenial souls unite,  
Thy golden chain inland with down,  
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.

## MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev Mr. Bishop, Mr. Edward Doughty, of the house of Samuel Doughty and Son, to Miss Eliza S. Taylor, adopted daughter of Samuel Stillwell, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev Doctor Mc Knight, Mr. James T. Talman, Merchant of this city, to Miss Mary W. Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island.

On Wednesday evening by the Rev Mr. Williston, Mr. Elijah Loomis, Printer, to Mrs. Margaret Durham, both of this city.

At Mount Pleasant on Saturday evening, by the Rev Mr. Nelson, Mr. Wm. Hill to Miss Charlotte Leggett.

On Friday 10th inst at West Chester, by the Rev Mr. Cooper, Mr. Ichabod Brush to Miss Euphemia Wilkins.

At Ballston by the Rev Mr. Bradley, Seth C. Baldwin, Esq. to Miss Abigail Kellogg, daughter of Eliaphaet Kellogg, Esq. of the same place.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Dominick Lynch, Jun. of New-York, to Miss Margaret Shippen Lee, of that city.

At Philadelphia the 9th inst at the Friends Meeting house, Mr. Mordecai Lewis, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Smith.

## MORTALITY.

O mortal, wander where you will,  
Your destiny is cast,  
The rising stone and the green hill,  
Proclaim your rest at last.

## DIED.

On Saturday morning, in the 56th year of her age, Mrs. Harriet Rodman, wife of Mr. John Rodman.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarkson, relict of Mr. David Clarkson, in the 84th year of her age.

On Thursday morning Mr. John Lynch, Esq. late from the Island of Trinidad.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Butler, merchant.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Gibbons, aged 76.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Alexander Cain, comedian.

On the 9th inst at Mr. Rhoads Hotel, City of Washington, Mr. Henry Craner, a clerk in the Register office, aged about 40.

## BOARDING SCHOOL.

Mrs. Hearn, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she intends continuing her Seminary, in the commodious and healthy situation she at present occupies No. 201 Bowery-Lane, where she purposes to instruct Youth in the following branches of Education, viz. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needlework. Parents and others, who may please to intrust her with the care of their children, may rest assured that the utmost assiduity and strictest attention will be paid to the morals, manners, and improvement of such as may be committed to her care.  
New-York, April 16th, 1868 1000—1f

## CISTERNES.

Made and put in the ground complete warranted, tight, by  
C ALFORD,  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

## FRESH TEAS.

MRS. TODD No. 82 Liberty street, has just received by the late arrivals from India, a excellent assortment of fresh Teas of a very superior quality, Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Souchong, &c.

## ALSO,

Best loaf and lump Sugar, Coffee and Spices.  
NB Families supplied with the above articles on moderate terms

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### TO JULIA—SINGING.

Tower no more that note of sadness,  
Julia—cease that pensive strain;  
Do not drive my soul to madness,  
Spare, oh! spare my bursting brain.

How vast, how sweet is music's power!  
When beauty lends resistless aid;  
They hung o'er Julia's natal hour,  
Entwined, they still attend the maid.

Thrice happy is the slave of sound,  
Though many a melting pain he bears;  
Feeling, with joy is ever found,  
And pleasure mingles oft with tears.

Oh! how I bless the extatic sense  
By which I feel the force of song;  
It gives a soothing, sure defence  
Against the ills that round us throng.

And Mirth still wears a happier smile,  
When Music animates the feast;  
The varied song doth well beguile  
The fairy hours we steal from rest.

Forever, Julia, may't thou hold  
The key that opens every heart;  
Touch the dull ear, however cold,  
And melt it with thy magic art.

### STREPHON AND CHLOE,—A SONG.

O DEAR! I'M SO PLEAS'D!

When Strephon appears, how my heart plit-a-pat,  
Shows the tender emotions with which it is set;  
To the Shepherd's bewitching, gay, innocent clat,  
I could listen forever—O dear! I'm so pleas'd!

Though my grandmother frowns, and protests I'm too young,  
With lessons of Cupid so soon to be taught;  
But so sweet is the honey that falls from his tongue,  
That I laugh at my grandma's—O dear! I'm so pleas'd!

Should he ask me to wed, as he hinted to day,  
When my hand he so soft and so tenderly squeez'd,  
He's no pritty a swain that I cannot say nay—  
I'm resolv'd to be married—O dear! I'm so pleas'd!

### LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. M. DANNENBERG proposes to give lessons on the Piano-forte, at his residence No 60 Maiden Lane, on the following plan, viz

1 To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his pupils, he will engage with only Twenty four Scholars

2 Eight Scholars to form a Class and to be taught at a time.

3 Each class to receive their Lessons twice a week from 10 A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M.

4 Each Class to consist of Scholars of equal capacity so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.

5 As soon as Eight Scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.

6 Terms \$12.50 per quarter for each scholar

Mr Dannenberg pledges himself that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of polite education.

June 11th 1868 1008—if

### TO MILLINERS.

Ten Gross BONNET BOARDING of a superior quality, for sale by J. TIEBOUT,

231 N. 4th street.

☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office

## THE MORALIST.

Nature and revelation conspire in teaching us the sublime and consoling doctrine of the resurrection of the body. It was prefigured to the infant world before the flood, by the translation of Enoch—to the Jews under the legal economy by the exaltation of Elijah—and it was gloriously confirmed to Christians by the triumphant conquest of the great Captain of their salvation, who ascended through the gates of death to immortality and life. But it is so prevalent a sincere believer to find the doctrines of which he leans for hope, according to the light of nature—Perhaps it is gratifying to our pride, which even in religion does not always desert us, to see the foundations of our faith, though resting on the sure and holy rock of revelation, established on the basis of reason. To the most interesting truths of scripture, nature then presents us with some striking illustrations. We show us that the "resurrection of the body" is perfectly analogous to the common course of her operations. If to the deformity and barrenness of winter succeeds the verdure and beauty of spring—if the crawling, loathsome worm is transformed to the gay and gaudy butterfly—if the feeble, ignorant infant is raised to the mature, the perfect man, may we not hope, that after death we also shall be changed—that our corruptible shall put on incorruption—that our mortality shall be clothed with immortality?

Should it be said, that these changes, however important, affect only the system to which we at present belong, and that we cannot argue from what we are now, to what we shall be hereafter, let it be remembered that we see from such deductions in the most common concerns of life. If in this world we are raised from weakness to strength, from ignorance to knowledge, and even from depravity to virtue, may we not hope that God, who can for man will raise him by his power from mortality to glory from human imperfection to angelic purity, and heavenly bliss? It is thus that nature and religion echo each other's voice in reaching us this interesting truth—and what the one has clearly revealed in the book of inspiration, the other has inscribed on the face of her works. I have seen a very happy illustration of this argument from analogy, taken from an example to which I have just alluded. Though dressed in the ornaments of poetry, it will, I know, be grateful to the pious, as well as to the elegant reader:

THE helpless crawling caterpillar trace  
From the first period of its feeble race,  
Cloth'd in dishonor, on the leafy spray,  
Unseen he wears his silent hours away—  
Till satiate grown with all that life supplies,  
Sunk to the tomb the willing martyr dies.  
There long secluded in his lonely cell,  
Forgets the world and bids the sun farewell.  
In vain the winter roses, the white wind blows,  
Nor stars can violate his grave's repose—  
But when reviving from his long and weary way,  
When smile the woods, and when the zephyr play,  
When lingers the vernal world in summer's bloom,  
He sits and dines triumphant from the tomb,  
And while his new-born beauties he displays,  
With conscious joy his altered form surveys,  
Proud of his gaudy charms he wings his war,  
And sniffs the fairest flowers, himself more fair than they.

And some weak was the false promise vain,  
When worms can die, and gladden us again!  
Columbian Centinel.

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